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PLAIN FACTS.
The streets of New York are unclean, notwithstanding Mayor GRANT'S remarks to the contrary. It does not make any difference if the streets in every city in the Union are worse than ours. That only proves that the other cities are in a very bad way. New York pays annually hundreds of thousands of dollars for street-cleaning purposes, and expects at least a fair return. This it is not getting.

Commissioner BEATTIE says that he does not get money enough to clean the streets thoroughly. This may be all so under the present system. But if what money he does get was properly expended, and his bureau was conducted on sound business principles, the streets would be in much better condition than they are. The clouds of dust and dirt which are blown into the eyes and inhaled into the lungs of our unfortunate citizens are a pain and outrage that should not be tolerated.

Mayor GRANT is able to get away from this nuisance and at present is inhaling preppy breezes at Atlantic City. Perhaps he thinks he has done his duty by leaving with the report that New York streets are cleaner than those of any other American city. There are many who may not agree with him.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S DEATH.
The Arch-Priestess of Theosophy has succumbed to death. Madame BLAVATSKY died three weeks ago, and her large body has been reduced to ashes at her own request.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the moral worth of her character, this Russian woman must be credited with having one of those strong personalities which cannot pass through the world without making a deep impression upon it.

Mainly through her energy and force was the Theosophical Society called into being. It has spread widely. Her followers were completely dominated by this olive woman with the dainty hands who was little inclined to move her three hundred pounds of flesh. She preferred to sit and smoke cigarettes while her active mind evolved the subtleties of psychology and devised new machines.

She may have been an adventurer. She may have been a pioneer in elevated regions of high thought. Such as she was, she is dead and a handful of dust. It remains to see how Theosophy will thrive without the Doric column which upheld it.

HARD TO GET RID OF.
This country is not a hospital for invalid foreigners. But it isn't so easy to get rid of them, it would appear, when they are once unloaded on us. Two Italians who came here some weeks ago, one a consumptive, the other affected with valvular disease of the heart, were allowed a certain time to recuperate from the voyage. Yesterday they were put on board the Britannia, of the Fabre line, to be returned to their native Italy.

At the end of the day three representatives of the line brought word to the Bureau Office that the two men had been turned out upon the wharf just before the boat sailed, the ship's surgeon having declared they were too sick to be taken back to Italy.

It is too much for us to be forced to coddle diseased aliens. They must be returned, and it will be hard if some means cannot be found to do this. They were brought here before the law went into effect which obliges the ship bringing into emigrants to take them back again. That law will prevent a repetition of this nuisance.

America is not helpful to Chinese ethics. The manager of the Celestial actors on the Bowery has seized their costumes, after doing them out of money very successfully. The actors are but as doves in the talons of a hawk with this Americanized countryman of theirs. Too bad! The histrionic stars may now become laundresses.

They have a law in Boston that if a man loses money at gambling and does not make demand for it within three months anybody may seek to recover the money. The amount so lost from the winner. A case is on now based on this law. This is a Boston idea born of New England diet.

The Kaiser says a good thing one day and a bad thing the next. Following his commendation of athletics comes his approval of students' duels. He may consider them in the light of harmless gymnastics, but it would be her Imperial policy to discountenance these ally contests.

At last a fast messenger boy has been found. The boy was twenty, stole \$1,000 and is believed to have taken a young female named "Maude" to Chicago. The Company pays for the trip, and is still in favor of slower boys.

The police force of Hackensack is demoralized. Half the members have struck and the other half is perfunctory in its duties and sulky in its demeanor. It is feared that unless the time of duty is shortened the whole force will go out. The Hackensack police force totals up two men, and, although half this number might police the place, the inhabitants fear to have absolutely no guardians of the peace.

People who saw a young woman "freak" in a dime museum here swallow jack-o'-wonder how she could do it and not have them hurt her. She couldn't. The freak is now at the point of death from tacks in the stomach. Moral: Do not take your iron in the shape of tacks.

A woman has just died in whose guilt was found her set of false teeth, swallowed two years before. She had always insisted that the set "em" there, but this was regarded as an hallucination. Women with teeth in their stomach should be entitled to a hearing after this.

Mr. MILLER, the Conservative member of the Dominion Parliament, has prepared a resolution declaring that the New England States should be invited to join the maritime provinces, and become part of the Dominion. Thank you kindly, Mr. MILLER.

The Italian Government intends to submit the New Orleans affair to European Powers, its purpose being to compel the United States to find means to guarantee protection to foreign subjects. Italy appears to be short of statesmen just now.

The fairer who stuck tulip blossoms into perforated Mexican beans and sold the "fake" flowers as Chinese lilies has been arrested for his botanical cunning. We are fond of flowers, but want root and blossom to be of a piece.

The queer thing about the Spring Garden Bank failure in Philadelphia is that three days before the suspension it paid a dividend.

MORGAN G. HUBBARD says that he is the only true and lawful Governor of Connecticut. But that does not settle it by any means.

All that is needed, to complete the Washington Arch is \$14,000. So small an amount should not delay such a patriotic object.

It looks as if golden rod would again come out ahead as the State flower.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

After a straw.
He was a brisk, quick-witted, little old man, with a patch on the left knee of his trousers, and one of the officials in the waiting-room of the Pennsylvania depot had just got through calling the Philadelphia train when the old man began to pass around the room and hand out slips of paper and explain:

"Rather early, I admit, but this is for a special purpose. Prepare your ballots for your nominee for the next President."
"Look here!" replied the first man he handed a slip to, "what are you doing? Is this to get what they call a 'straw' on the next election?"

"Exactly! Exactly!" replied the little old man. "It is a little ahead of buckle-berry time, but as I told you before, it is for a special purpose. Prepare your ballot. Put down the name of any candidate you want to."

"I won't do nuthin' of the kind!" blurted out the other.
"You won't! Ain't you willing to oblige me?"

"No, sir—not in this way. Why, nobody knows who's going to run yet! I won't have nuthin' to do with it—not a thing!"
"There, I'll never help your team out of a mud-hole if it has to stay there a bull week! You ain't got no obligeance to you!"

"But it's all infernal nonsense I say!"
"It is! Let me explain. I take a vote here. I get an expression of popular opinion. I see which way the wind blows. I go home and go over to Steve Smith's and talk around a little and finally ask him who's 'agin' to be the next President. Steve'll spit right out, and I'll get him a two-year-old colt 'agin his yoke of oxen. Sure thing for me, don't you see? May not be exactly equal, but Steve traded me a row with the holler-horn last year and I want to give even with him."

Nobody would vote, however, while some openly advised the old man to pollute his head, and after going the rounds he put on his hat, sat down with a great bang, and as he pulled a fried onion and a boiled egg out of his satchel, he said:

"I kin see through it as plain as day. The hull caboodle of 'em are afraid I want to run myself!"

Putting Him On.
A young Nimrod of New York who went over to the Jersey marshes to shoot snipe, encountered a boy in a skiff fishing for crabs, and he asked of him:

"Boy, is there shooting around here?"
"Yes."
"Seen any snipe?"
"Yes."
"Will you put me on?"

"Yaas. If you go to shoot over this way you'll hit dad, who's after frogs, and dad is mean when anybody else birdshot into him. If you shoot over that way you'll pepper my brother Bill, who's got a line out after a dogfish. Bill allus raises a rumpus when he gets shot. Over that way is where ma is hunting for a lost calf, and if you pepper her dad will want \$50 damages."
"But I can fire in all other directions, can I?"

"Yaas, but aim purty hard, as the rest of 'em."

WORLDLINGS.
One of the oldest relics in the fine collection of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is a little green tarp that once belonged to Tom Moore and which the poet carried into hundreds of Irish homes.

According to Richard M. Johnston, the author, Joel Chandler Harris sometimes gets \$500 for a magazine article.

Mr. Kate Smith, who has become known to fame as the "Queen of the Coconuts," is a Philadelphia woman. She is a dark-skinned, round-eyed, pure olive complexion, a roused mouth and an intelligent face. She has a well-rounded and graceful figure, and in the Department has shown considerable executive ability.

In twenty years there has been no counterfeiting of Uncle Sam's postage stamps, possibly for the reason that there is nothing in it for the counterfeiter.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the headlines and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factories give employment to 1,100 men and boys.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.
The Grand Opera-House English Grand Opera Company, which begins its season Monday, May 11, with "The Trovatore," will number 150 people, soloists, chorists and orchestra.

Some new singers have been added to Mr. Morris's company since the last announcement, and the artists now on the lists include: Mrs. Louise Natchez, Miss Minnie Landis, Miss Rosalie Kestel, Miss Bella Tomlin, Miss Rosa Lynde, Mr. A. Montgiffro, Mr. F. Michelson, Mr. C. C. Ferguson, Mr. C. Tagliapietra, Mr. Stuart Harold, Mr. W. Watters, Mr. W. H. Clarke and Mr. E. Borman.

"Martina" will be given the second week; "The Bohemian Girl," the third; "Faust," the fourth; "Carmen," the fifth; and "Lucia di Lammermoor," the sixth week. The popular prices of seats at this house should attract a large number of musical colleges and vocal schools.

Disinterested Advice.
Wiley—"My wife insisted to-day that I needed a new hat; but I didn't get it."
Wiley—"Why not?"
Wiley—"That's a waste too can play at."

A Wise Forecast.
Mr. Norris (with a decision)—"I'm going to put on my light underwear this morning."
Mrs. Norris (with due prodence)—"Then, Thomas, you'd better carry your thick coat over your arm; you'll need them before night."

Incomprehensible.
McGorty—"I can't understand why railroad companies make it a point to hire densely ignorant men for officials."
McGorty—"No they don't."
"Try to get the facts about a railroad accident and you'll see."

Too Much Train.
Miss de Belle (entering parlor with long satin train)—"How do you like me now, Gus?"
Gus de Smith—"Well, to tell you the truth, I could not like you any longer."

CHILDREN subject to diarrhoea and dysentery cured by MURDER'S TETRAEOLIC. Price 25c.

THE CLEANER.

Amid the rearing of ornate hotel buildings in New York, the solid plain brick addition of a ten-story corner building to the Hotel Vendome quite escapes attention. The addition is bigger than the original hotel. The Hotel Hotel on Fifty-ninth street and Broadway is getting bravely on, but it is impossible to tell how it will look when it is fifteen stories high.

I think that with all its grandeur the Manhattan Athletic Club is a little dark inside. At least that was my impression on a recent visit to the Club-house. But the arrangements of the Club are perfect. The billiard tables and bowling alleys are well placed.

Neil Burpee and Molasses, the intelligent equine, must be taking a little needed rest at last. I saw Neil himself sauntering up Broadway with an air of great leisure. Molasses was not in sight.

I saw a big ugly man in blouse and overalls in a beer saloon lately with a small slip of yellow paper in his hand, which he eyed malevolently and occasionally breathed malevolent remarks at. He told me that he was three minutes away from work to secure a glass of beer and that the woman had given him his time. This is technical for touting him. This is pretty right discipline.

There is a great deal of sportive human nature among the boys on the floor of the Stock Exchange, but no one would suspect a blooming broker of having the habit of buying to cents' worth of carnations of a florist to take down and distribute among the other brokers in the morning. I was in a florist's yesterday and he told me that a well-known young broker had this amiable weakness.

Mr. Richard Hamersley made formal denial last night of the report that he was engaged to be married to his leading lady, Miss Beatrice Cameron. There is no doubt a very warm regard entertained by them for each other and this may have occasioned the report. I see that Miss Cameron has secured a divorce from her former husband, George H. Phoebe.

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Druggist—Are you sure about it?
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Bound Together.
Primus—You and Jackson are always together. Some strong bond of union between you, eh?
Secundus—Yes. He is too obtuse to take a hint and I am too gentlemanly to insult him.

Eating Spoils the Appetite.
"How do you like your new boarding-house? Is the table nice?"
"Well, there is never anything put on it that would take away your appetite."

A Proverb Disproved.
"They say that time is money; but I don't believe it."
"Because rich men never seem to have a moment to spare."

Diplomacy.
Tramp—Is the boss in?
Lady (appearing)—What do you want of the boss?
Tramp (grasping the situation)—I wish to ask her for some old victuals. (He got them.)

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A PURITAN PACAN.

A Story of Modern Men and Women, with action laid in New York and Paris. This is the latest product of the pen of Julien Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man," "A Mile, Ready," "Vampires," etc. Opening Chapters in Next SATURDAY'S WORLD. Don't fail to begin with the beginning.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.
Bare Foreheads and Beauty—Fashions That Help Physicians—Latest in Wedding Skirts—Gloves Cannot Be Worn Over Sleeves—Black Lace on Light Silks.

Not one woman in ten thousand over twenty is good-looking enough to wear her forehead bare and her hair combed straight back. And to wear a part down the middle of the head needs the beauty of a Madonna.

These are the days when May belles wear evening capes and lace hats, milk colors and beauteous shoes, and when the popular physician hires a green sawhorse to tend office while he goes about to treat grippe cases and pneumonias.

There is a great deal of sportive human nature among the boys on the floor of the Stock Exchange, but no one would suspect a blooming broker of having the habit of buying to cents' worth of carnations of a florist to take down and distribute among the other brokers in the morning. I was in a florist's yesterday and he told me that a well-known young broker had this amiable weakness.

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AN UNFORTUNATE FIND.

When Napoleon I., in behalf of France, carried war to Switzerland he found in one of the cantons there an ancient convent. During the course of the war this convent was destroyed, and the bell that hung in its tower was carried off as a trophy by the conqueror.

The bell was at that time reputed to be several hundred years old. It was cast of copper and silver. The silver, according to the custom of the times, was contributed by the peasants of the canton, who believed that their prayers and prospects concerning worldly and heavenly affairs would be improved in accordance with their sacrifices.

Napoleon carried the bell with him to France, and retained it as a prize curiosity until his downfall and banishment to St. Helena, when he gave it to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, who, likewise banished, brought the old relic to America and hung it in a belfry at his home in Bordentown.

There it remained, says the Paterson (N. J.) Press, serving as a dinner-bell on the farm, its history remaining unknown until Joseph's recall from exile. Then it was lost sight of and for years forgotten, until the late some curiosity-seekers rummaging about in one of the subterranean passages that honeycombed the place came across it in some old rubbish.

The bell was found all as close to visit the so-called catcombs and see the historic bell. At that time the Camden and Amboy Railroad had just been built and the old relic was sold to the Company, who placed it in their depot at Bordentown to tell the arrival and departure of trains.

It hung there for years, but finally, through some channel or other, it fell into the hands of the Paterson and Hudson River Railroad Company and was donated to another period of obscurity. At that time the Company operated its road by horses, and the old bell was hung in the Jersey City station at the foot of Bergen Hill to answer the same purpose that it did at Bordentown.

When the great railroad revolution took place and steam-cars were substituted for the old horse-cars, the bell was brought to this city. In those days the terminus of the road was where St. John's Church now stands. Two trains were run each way daily.

A small branch manipulated by horsepower, however, ran from the main depot on Market street, all its connection with Main street. Here the old bell was hung on a post and its duty was to ring for half an hour before the departure of each train.

Passengers could board the horse cars without extra expense and ride to the main depot, whence they could take the train for New York. It was well known, however, improvements developed in the railway service. The Market street (it was then Congress street) branch was abandoned and the old horse-car, which the bell hung rotted and fell down.

But Paterson was also beginning to make great strides forward. Then the only educational institution, private institutions and subscription schools.